

though strong withal. His "Questions at the Well" is one of the few new books of promise which come to a reviewer in a season; nor is the promise the less evident because one does not quite know what it promises. It would be a work of remarkable achievement as well if Mr. Fenil Haig had only staked and hedged his orchard about and been careful never to stray beyond the boundary. His apples of knowledge are of his own growing, but he has let them get mixed up with sticks and stones from over the way. In other words, he is yet but little of an artist, for art is before all other things the finding and cleaving to one's own. The best of his longer poems is a queer realistic idyll beginning—

"Down there near the Gare du Nord,
At the corner of the street,
Where the double tram-lines meet,
Bonhomme Simon Pierreauford,
And his nagging wife, Lisette,
Kept their café, he and she;
He lets life slip carelessly,
She a sleepless martinet.

"He in posing, portly rest,
Stands for ever at the door.
Glancing at his waiters four,
Or chatting with a well-known guest;
She, with tongue that never stops,
Scolds the sweating cooks for waste,
Makes the panting waiters haste,
Wipes the marble table-tops."

There is a right lyrical vehemence in most of his shorter verses too—notably in "The Wind's Guest":

"O where shall I find rest?
Sighed the Wind from the West,
'I've sought in vale, o'er dale and down,
Through tangled woodland, tarn and town,
But found no rest."

"Rest, thou ne'er shalt find,
Answered Love to the Wind;
'For thou and I, and the great grey sea,
May never rest till eternity
Its end shall find.'"

But really he must hedge and stake that orchard with more care. No man is an artist until he has made his orchard, even though it be but an orchard in Cloud-Cuckoo-Land. This hedging and staking by no means involves any narrow specialism; for there is all the difference in the world between the man who finds one thing in everything and him who finds everything in one thing—between the pedant and the artist.

A MÆDIEVAL EDUCATOR.

ALCUIN AND THE RISE OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS. By Andrew Fleming West. ("The Great Educators," III.) London: Heinemann.

THE English accounts of Alcuin at the beginning of this century were disfigured by inaccuracy both as to chronology and as to his supposed achievements. We are told that Alcuin retired to Tours in 801, and that the Universities of Paris, Tours, Pulda, and Soissons were indebted to him for their origin and increase. Professor West in his careful book sweeps away all such inaccuracies, and whereas we had been hopelessly behind France and Germany in our recognition of a great countryman, we have at last paid a debt and been brought up to date. The author has been as successful in obscuring himself as in presenting to us through the medium of his own acts and words a well-defined portrait of his subject. The book is most absorbing reading: everywhere there are strewn about golden nuggets of practical advice to teachers. There is a list of books on Alcuin for the curious, and a useful index; and the printing (the one misprint being on p. 122, where *be set* = *beset*) and paper are good. Those who have few minutes to spare will find the gist of the book in Chapters III. and VI. on the work and character of Alcuin, and those who look for humour will find samples of it on pp. 71, 103, and 160.

In reading Professor West's book some general

considerations naturally suggest themselves. What relation does Alcuin bear to previous educationists and to the general condition of learning in his own day? How did secular and religious knowledge stand to each other in his view? What was his influence, as a teacher, on the civilisation of Europe?

Of the patriarchs of the Liberal Arts whom Professor West introduces to us (Cap. I.)—Augustine, Martianus Capella, Boethius, Cassiodorus, Isidore—it is to Cassiodorus that Alcuin has the closest affinity. The energies of both were directed to secular as well as to sacred letters: Cassiodorus gave his services to Theodoric, a foreign king, and cherished his love of learning; Alcuin's unselfish affection for Charles the Great made him settle in the Frankish kingdom. It might be said with equal truth of each that he was "a true monk without the monk's vow," fully persuaded of the worth of the small stream of learning which he was creating by his traditional methods of education. In Calabria and at Tours the same work is being done, first in writing treatises on punctuation and orthography to guide the copyists, and then in the supervision of the transcribing of manuscripts in the scriptorium. Their faults are the same: arithmetic with both degenerates into allegorising on the mystic values of certain numbers.

These similarities prove that there has been no advance during the four centuries which separated the decline of the Imperial Roman schools and the educational revival of Charles the Great. A certain sign of this intellectual darkness is found in the prevalence of the encyclopædic method of supplying knowledge, on which the author (in his laudable desire to present Alcuin clearly) lays scarcely sufficient stress. Heeren rightly says that it is a usual concomitant of declining literature. Its effects were partly vicious, and partly happy. On the one hand it tended to make knowledge secondhand and scrappy; books on the Liberal Arts were founded on obscure writers, and the better authors were banished, not to be restored again until the universities began to take shape in the tenth century. So all that survived of Pagan learning was "a general outline of its school studies imperfectly filled in and often faultily modified." The Dialectics of Cassiodorus were partly from Varro, but chiefly from Boethius; his arithmetic from Nicomachus and Boethius; his geometry from Varro and Euclid through Boethius. In the etymologies of Isidore the Liberal Arts are given a small corner. With reason, then, does Dr. Warton caution us respecting these times that their "reading was contracted and their philosophy jejune." Alcuin had indeed, as he himself says, to be "all things to all men"; he joins in himself the functions of tutor, preacher, poet laureate, publisher, and (through his letters) unconscious historian of the latter half of the eighth century. When Professor West, speaking of the treatise on "Rhetoric and the Virtues," says that he based it on the writings of Cicero, but always with loss to the originals, he hardly seems to recognise that Alcuin probably had only the most meagre of digests from which to draw. Alcuin's pupil, Rabanus, of course writes an "Enquire Within Upon Everything." Isidore had plundered the classics, and Rabanus plunders Isidore. The result is everywhere mutilated scraps of second or third-hand knowledge, just as in the neighbourhood of Dr. Bruce's Roman wall, Roman altars and mill-stones appear in the walls of abbeys, farm-houses, and pig-styes. On the other hand, as we are thankful for the inscribed stones, so we bless the accident which preserved some kind of knowledge through the dark centuries.

It is in his life rather than his writings that Alcuin shows himself on several points in advance of his age. On the education of women he is as forward as Mulcaster in the sixteenth century. At the Palace School are found Lintgard the queen, Cisela the king's sister, two of the king's daughters, and Cundrada. The famous Capitulary (pp. 40-51),

in which we trace the hand of Alcuin, assumes the right of the State to compel attention to education, in order to right-speaking and penetrating the mysteries of the Scriptures. But it is secular education by means of the Church. The importance is realised of the raising-up of a body of competent teachers. Above all, the idea is present of an education, elementary, free, and universal; the only modern element missing is compulsion, and to this is due the unequal administration in different districts (*cf.* p. 55) and rapid collapse of the system. Alcuin is the enemy of the sophist: education must be without price. He is an enemy of compensation—witness the verses at Salzburg (pp. 68-9). Eanbald is to be careful to "have a separate master for every class." The schools in Alcuin's time were of three grades—the elementary stage was the village or parish school; secondary education was supplied by the restored cathedral or monastic schools; the Palace School was the academy or poor substitute for a University. The monastic schools had an exterior or lay side, and an interior for training monks, and were gratuitous. The cathedral schools, neither so strict nor so flourishing, were supported partly by endowment and partly by payment, much as Christ's Hospital will be under the new scheme. The latter were the nearest approach to the English public school, but differed from Winchester in being strictly local nuclei. Remy established the first public school in Paris about a century later.

Schools as yet could not flourish without ecclesiastical control. In the conflict of secular and sacred learning Alcuin is, on the whole, a little on the side of the latter. The tradition of Augustine, Martianus Capella, Boethius, and Cassiodorus he did not expand. Though he quotes Jerome in behalf of Pagan literature, yet he condemns Sigulf with "How now! Virgilian!" an evident reminiscence of Jerome's "Ciceronian, not Christian." Still, his preference is not always strong for the Four Gospels as against the Twelve Aeneads (*sic*) (v., pp. 32, 36, 77, 78). Wisdom must be built upon the seven pillars of liberal letters. There is a constant conjunction and balance of things scholastic and spiritual ever since he "taught clerks and laymen alike at York."

In gauging the merits of Alcuin we must remember that the measure of what Alcuin knew is not what he wrote, because he wrote for semi-barbarians and what the times would bear. This, as Professor West says, is a proof of his sagacity, not of his mediocrity. His was a negative contribution—the stopping of the growth of ignorance. An instinct told him that an intellectual deluge was coming, and he set about storing his ark with all the known appliances of learning. His merits were those of a good and cautious adapter; his weakness, his unwillingness to face the conflict of tradition and speculation. He could venture on "nothing contrary to the thoughts of the fathers"; he clung to occultism and to allegory as argument, he had a shrunken notion of grammar, he exemplified his arithmetic with an army of 1,073,741,823 soldiers and a sty of 262,304 pigs. He was an easy versifier, but no real poet; and as in poetry he was more spiritless than his predecessor, Aldhelm, so he had little of the educational force of his pupil and successor Rabanus. As a man he had purity, gentleness, true humility and love of study, and these qualities made him a successful teacher. He followed his pupils with personal anxiety in their later life. The results of his industry are unmistakable; he was scholar and master of the best school in the West at York, at the Palace School master of the educational centre of Frankland, and as Abbot he soon made Tours the best secondary school in the kingdom of Charles the Great. "Fructus," says Bacon, is the test of philosophy. Alcuin, like Pythagoras, handed down to posterity his way of life, and the *lampadephoria* of learning continued for a century and a half, his pupil Rabanus, by emphasising the secular side, supplying the transition to scholasticism and speculation.

FICTION.

TALES OF NEW ENGLAND. By Sarah Orne Jewett. London: J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.

DONALD MARCY. A Novel. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Author of "The Gates Ajar." London: William Heinemann.

MR. TOMMY DOVE, AND OTHER STORIES. By Margaret Deland, Author of "John Ward, Preacher." London: Longmans, Green & Co.

It is, perhaps, a little unfortunate for Miss Sarah O. Jewett that her pretty "Tales of New England" tread familiar ground. The exquisitely polished art of such writers as Mrs. Deland and Miss Wilkins has done much to render English readers acquainted with the modes of life and thought, the speech and the habits of the New Englander. Thus there is comparatively little novelty in these simple sketches, which yet have a distinct and pleasant flavour of their own. Miss Jewett, it is true, cannot boast the subtlety of insight or poignancy of pathos which distinguish the gifted women we have named; but, in a more limited way, she shows many agreeable qualities as a writer of short stories. She has humour, observation, and sympathy, as a perusal of her little book will show. There are ten stories in the volume, all of the very slightest materials, but not lacking in variety and interest. Of these stories the "Dulham Ladies" and "Law Lane" may be cited as fair specimens of the author's capacity. They are gently humorous, and never bitter, giving an amusing picture, but not a caricature, of country society in New England, with its quaint primness, its little affectations of superiority, its large-hearted neighbourliness, and its petty animosities. The elderly Dulham ladies, replacing their time-worn tresses with artificial locks because they "owe it to society to observe the fashions of the day," are as kindly portrayed as the rustic Romeo and Juliet who break down the traditional family feud respecting the proprietorship of Law Lane by mutually falling in love. If we laugh at these homely figures, the laughter is gentle, and has no tinge of malice in it.

The "Courting of Sister Wisby," in which the adventures of Deacon Brimblecom in search of a wife are related, is another well-written and characteristic sketch of that simple country life with which the author is obviously so well acquainted. The tales have the merit of truth and simplicity, and the book, if not a striking, is at least an agreeable one.

"Donald Marcy" will probably come as somewhat of a surprise to those who know Miss E. S. Phelps only as the author of "Gates Ajar." Whatever may be thought of that curious attempt to solve the enigmas of Spookology, there can, at any rate, be no question as to the entirely sane and healthy tone of "Donald Marcy." In this novel, indeed, the author is seen to great advantage as a writer possessing the gifts of humour, vivacity, and vigorous character-drawing. The very juvenile and distinctly engaging hero is, when the story opens, a student in the great American University whose identity is but thinly veiled under the name of "Harle College." And here it is worthy of note that Miss Phelps has steered safely round a dangerous reef; she has succeeded, where so many lady-novelists have signally failed, in giving us a picture of University life which, though perhaps not accurate, is at least not impossible. The most striking part of her spirited narrative will be found in certain passages exposing the really startling amount of sheer brutality which, apparently, formed part of the curriculum at Harvard and Yale. Under the name of "college fun," outrages and cruelties of the most shocking description seem to have been, in former days, the doom of the luckless freshman who had the misfortune to be unpopular amongst his companions. It is reassuring to learn that such crude forms of "fun" as the burying alive of an undergraduate by his comrades are now discountenanced and out of fashion. That the author of

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To find a page of that work of her real discernment and the figure whilst charm inspired through eminence "Mr. T" stories, have remained quaintly carry and us the bachelors whose halting easily mutual tragedy and such subdues grotesque hand which succeeded one—"tragedy" repress dreary suicide Dudley the stoic talent the corner in which marked of the and the trives delight read by of per-

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"Donald Marcy" succeeds in retaining the reader's sympathy with her hero, even after his disgraceful share in such a frolic, is not a little to her credit. Donald, indeed, is a youth of inexhaustible resource in the matter of escaping from awkward situations, and there is an element of boyish pluck in his character, afterwards developing into real manly dignity, which is decidedly attractive. The college authorities sentence him to a term of rustication as penance for his share in the mock-burial of Lee Calhoun; and, even in this unhonoured plight, he is lucky enough to gain the love of a charming girl, whose influence on his future life is inestimably valuable. A more delightful type of the best kind of American girl than Fay Fleet it would be hard to depict. Her coy, maidenly love for the handsome lad is very prettily set forth by the author, who shows in this novel a dainty grace of phrasing, and a brightness of characterisation which render the book infinitely more pleasant and more profitable than are the futile speculations of her former work.

To find the name of Margaret Deland upon the title-page of a new book is to anticipate, in all confidence, that refined and subtle pleasure which only the work of an artist can bestow. For Mrs. Deland, as her readers know, has both talent and experience in her craft, and the hand of the artist can be plainly discerned in all she writes. In "Mr. Tommy Dove, and Other Stories," she works on a small canvas, but the figures are clearly and even vividly defined, whilst the exquisite finish of her style lends a peculiar charm to the book. The author has been happily inspired in choosing the short story as the medium through which to express herself, since it is a medium eminently suited to her delicate and reticent talent. "Mr. Tommy Dove," the first of the group of five stories, will have a special interest for those who have read "The Story of a Child," and recollect the quaintly pathetic figures of the little village apothecary and his elderly lady-love. The author now gives us the history of the dawn of passion in Mr. Dove's bachelor heart for the unattainable "Miss Jane," whose virgin love he beseeches in so timid and halting a manner that the enamoured couple are easily kept apart by froward fate in the shape of mutual misunderstandings. Mrs. Deland relates the tragi-comedy of their wooing with excellent spirit, and such a happy mingling of kindly humour and subdued tenderness, that we gladly follow the grotesque little hero in his efforts to win Miss Jane's hand by means of the "pale sea-green crêpe shawl" which he selects as a suitable offering. The three succeeding stories strike a more sombre note, and in one—"At Whose Door?"—the pathos rises to actual tragedy. It is a sketch of an unhappy girlhood, repressed and stunted in its natural gaiety by a dreary Quaker home, and ending in despair and suicide. The beautiful, sad figure of poor Rachel Dudley is drawn with great skill and sympathy, and the story has real dramatic force. But Mrs. Deland's talent is perhaps shown to greatest advantage in the concluding tale, "A Fourth-Class Appointment," in which her gift for refined comedy is strongly marked. Amanda Gedge, the faded, anxious daughter of the old postmistress of Pennyville, is the heroine, and the sad yet droll expedient by which she contrives to retain her mother in office is related with delightful humour. The book should certainly be read by all who care for distinction of style, subtlety of perception, and grace of expression.

LAND AND KINDRED PROBLEMS.

LAND NATIONALISATION. By Harold Cox, B.A. (Social Questions of To-day.) London: Methuen & Co.

THE demand for the nationalisation of the land is, perhaps, the most striking form in which the effort after "solidarity" in economic and social life has hitherto found expression, and an adequate history of its origin and progress, written from this point of view, would afford abundant material for reflection to the student of social science. Mr. Cox is, however, less interested in the movement itself than he is in certain social questions, on

some of which it has but an indirect bearing. He does indeed devote some space to the refutation of nationalising theories, and makes an attempt to meet his opponents on their own ground, suggesting that the value of the principle might be tested by cautiously applying it in the form of "municipalisation" on a small scale. But these parts of the book are much less interesting and suggestive than those in which he gives his own methods of dealing with social problems. Moreover, he is often at variance with the land nationalisers as to the practical issues involved, and shows himself out of sympathy with their aims as well as their methods. Thus he refuses to discuss small holdings, not only because they can be established by other means, but because he is doubtful whether they are desirable in themselves. If Mr. Cox had thought the matter worth his notice, he might have pointed out a good reason why the *petite culture* would probably fail under a system of State ownership. As Professor Thorold Rogers and others have shown, it is the sense of pride in one's own land which inspires the unwearied care and minute attention necessary for success on peasant properties, and under the proposed system the cultivator would be merely a lessee. Moreover, economic rent would become a land-tax, which might be increased without assignable limits. But Mr. Cox is not anxious to bring the labourer back to the land, at least not in an agricultural capacity, for he regards the absorption of the rural population in manufacturing industries as a necessary incident in economic development. Yet he fully recognises the sanitary evils inseparable from life in "overgrown towns," and suggests that manufactures might be carried on in smaller centres extended over a wider area. It may be questioned how far this is compatible with the concentration of labour and capital which the progress of the factory system seems to require in an ever-increasing degree. For promoting reform in this direction—as well as in such matters as local taxation, mining royalties, and rights of way—Mr. Cox advocates a wiser use of the powers already possessed by the State and municipal authorities, rather than an unnecessary increase of their functions. He shows an intimate acquaintance with the various subjects he discusses, and all his arguments bear the stamp of sound common sense. But some of the questions he raises—especially those relating to local government—are moot points, on which a good deal can be said on both sides.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.*

MUCH of the romance of Scottish life and character gathers around "Memorable Edinburgh Houses." Leigh Hunt was accustomed to say that he had seen many buildings that had been rendered interesting by their association with great men and their works, and that he always found himself the better for such chance scrutiny. "I seem to have made friends with them in their own houses," are his words, "and to have walked and talked, and suffered and enjoyed with them." The aim of Mr. Wilmot Harrison in this charming and dainty illustrated volume is to guide the stranger in the streets of Edinburgh to houses which have, at one time or another, been the local habitation of philosophers and poets, soldiers and statesmen, and men renowned in almost every other walk of life. In Mr. Harrison's company we ramble along the High Street and the Canongate, and explore the nooks and corners of what Sydney Smith called an energetic but unfragrant city. Afterwards we climb to serener heights, and find the broad and breezy streets and squares of the New Town less interesting, perhaps, but also less oppressive. Then we wander out to the suburbs, to find that distance lends enchantment to the view; and as we look back on the picturesque and stately city, we feel how indissolubly linked is this grey metropolis of the North with men and movements that have shaped the course of history and carried literature, art, and science to some of their highest achievements. Mr. Wilmot Harrison lingers here and there to point out the dwelling-place of genius, and to gossip pleasantly concerning the freaks and foibles, as well as about much that was kindly and characteristic in the great departed. He has gathered cues from all quarters, and apt quotation and racy anecdote are cunningly blended, in this attractive but unpretending manual, with the results of personal investigation and much patient

*MEMORABLE EDINBURGH HOUSES. By Wilmot Harrison, author of "Memorable London Houses," etc. Illustrated. (Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.) Crown 8vo.

OUR COUNTY: SKETCHES IN PEN AND INK OF REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. By W. Ryland D. Adkins. Illustrated by W. B. Shoosmith. (London: Elliot Stock.) Small quarto.

A READY RECKONER OF THE WORLD'S FOREIGN AND COLONIAL EXCHANGES. By John Henry Norman. (London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.) Crown 8vo.

FOUR YEARS IN PARLIAMENT WITH HARD LABOUR. By C. W. Radcliffe Cooke, M.P. Third edition. (London, Paris, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co.) Crown 8vo.

REVERIES OF WORLD-HISTORY FROM EARTH'S NEBULOUS ORIGIN TO ITS FINAL RUIN. By T. Mullett Ellis. (London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Crown 8vo. 1s.

THE IMAGINATIVE FACULTY. A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution, May 26th, 1893. By Herbert Beerbohm Tree. With a Portrait from a drawing by the Marchioness of Granby. (London: Elkin Mathews & John Lane.) 12mo.

research. Once taken up, the book is difficult to lay down, for there are names to conjure with—John Knox, Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Allan Ramsay, Thomas De Quincey, Hugh Miller, Carlyle, Irving, Jeffrey, Playfair, Chalmers, and Aytoun—to gather a handful at random on almost every page. We take leave to think that the pleasures of a sentimental journey, at all events to the contemporary “man of feeling,” through the streets of Edinburgh will be greatly enhanced if this volume goes with us in the capacity of guide, philosopher, and friend.

Forty contemporary men of light and leading in Northamptonshire are set forth in pen and pencil in a handsome album-shaped volume entitled “Our County.” Mr. Ryland Adkins hits off their characteristics with a skilful pen, and though it is hardly fair to say that he indulges in lavish praise, his verdicts assuredly lean to mercy’s side. Mr. W. B. Shoosmith is scarcely less adroit with his pencil, and his vigorous sketches help us to understand what manner of men in personal aspect and bearing are these local worthies. Quite a number of these “representative men of Northamptonshire” are unknown to more than local fame—country gentlemen, urban celebrities, Whigs, Tories, and Radicals of a more or less stalwart type, sportsmen, philanthropists, antiquaries, men of many acres and men of many fads. Here and there, it is true, we light amongst these portraits on a familiar face, for the Lords and the Commons, the Church and Nonconformity, figure prominently in the record. The book contains side-lights on more than one well-known politician, from Earl Spencer downwards, and it is pleasant to think that men who play a prominent part in the affairs of the nation stand well with their neighbours, and busy themselves with local work and county details. This book is superior to the majority of works of its class, for adulation and flattery are conspicuous by their absence, and if compliments are thrown in with a somewhat lavish hand, we have, by way of *amende*, shrewd and independent criticism, genial humour, and honest candour.

Mr. J. H. Norman, of the London Chamber of Commerce, has just written a practical handbook to “The World’s Foreign and Colonial Exchanges,” which is, to all intents and purposes, a primer to the science of money. At the outset he admits that there are many ways of working the foreign and colonial exchanges, and that too often a rule-of-thumb plan is adopted. The avowed aim of this book is to set forth in the clearest manner possible the most direct method of arriving at the world’s fixed and absolute *par* of exchange; the best means of determining the equivalent commercial exchanges, which are limited by the cost of the transmission of metal; coinage charges; and interest for the use of money when such a charge is included in the rate of exchange. Mr. Norman gives definitions and examples, and the central idea of the book is to convert the monetary sign for a weight of gold in one country into the monetary sign for the same weight of gold in another country, and the same with silver at the ratio of the day between the two metals. The book explains the monetary systems of many nations, and the two hundred and seventy-four fixed gold and one hundred and fifty-six fixed silver *par*s of exchange are given, as well as many sound hints on money and currency of a kind which financiers, bankers, merchants and travellers can scarcely fail to appreciate.

Not content with having spent “Four Years in Parliament with Hard Labour,” Mr. Radcliffe Cooke—thanks to the appreciative electors of Hereford—has found his way back to durance vile under the shadow of the clock-tower at Westminster. As for his little book, it has found its way promptly into a third edition, and no one who has laughed over its pages will grudge its success. It is, in truth, a droll and pleasant volume, full of sly banter, shrewd common-sense, and humour which is as bright and harmless as summer lightning. If Mr. Radcliffe Cooke had entered the lists as a descriptive reporter even “Toby, M.P.,” would have had to look to his laurels. The book, in fact, abounds in diverting comments on men and manners in the House of Commons, and half its charm springs out of the circumstance that its good-natured author possesses what Mr. Gladstone calls the happy gift of being able to “tread contested ground in a spirit which raises no ill-blood.” The Premier added, “I recognise in Mr. Cooke’s volume an enviable union of fancy, humour, and good sense,” and the words sum up in felicitous phrase qualities which less exalted mortals also recognise in these amusing pages.

This is the silly season, and with it comes the silly book—“Reveries of World-History from Earth’s Nebulous Origin to its Final Ruin.” Mr. Mullett Ellis may be a capable man in other directions, but on such a theme his is not the wisdom which is profitable to direct, and, accordingly, his zeal outruns his discretion. The result is a windy, rhetorical deliverance which proves nothing except its author’s folly in attempting to handle in one hundred and fifty “picturesque” pages a subject so vast. Evolution is all very well in scientific hand, and rhetoric is appropriate enough in the pulpit; but when the two are fearfully and wonderfully made to run together in double harness in this erratic fashion, the “final ruin” of the chariot which they drag after them is a matter which it is not difficult to predict.

A month or two ago Mr. Beerbohm Tree delivered a lecture

at the Royal Institution on “The Imaginative Faculty,” and it now appears in a miniature volume which, so far as paper, print, and binding are concerned, cunningly affects the antique. Affectation of another kind unluckily invades the text and robs an otherwise sensible, but certainly not remarkable, address of half its charm. Doubtless this ornate and mannered deliverance was pleasant enough to the audience which listened to the well-known actor’s graceful elocution; but those who take up the book in cold blood are apt to find its excessive sweetness just a little cloying. With praiseworthy discretion, Mr. Beerbohm Tree quickly narrows down his discussion of “The Imaginative Faculty” to that phase of it which goes to the making of a successful actor. He asserts that all that is “most luminous and most essential” in acting is due to imagination. In other words, the man whose “imagination is most untrammelled is most likely to touch the imagination of an audience;” and hence to “give free range to the imaginative quality” is, in Mr. Tree’s judgment, the “highest accomplishment of the actor.” There is justice in the view that the chief aim of the actor ought to be to “project his imagination into the character he is playing, so that his own individuality becomes merged in his assumption.” After all, the actor, like the poet, is born, not made, and when technical training has robbed the beginner of self-consciousness it has almost reached the limits of its power. “In acting, in fact, there is an infinity to learn, but infinitely little that can be taught.” We are glad to find that Mr. Beerbohm Tree takes up his parable against the waning but still prevalent notion that an actor must be always himself, and ought to cultivate a certain mannerism which the public can recognise, and which should be to them the badge of his individuality. Such an idea is opposed to the highest canons of art, for it is through the character represented, and not the man who represents that character, that the appeal of the play to the sympathy and imagination of the audience is addressed.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- FOUR YEARS IN PARLIAMENT WITH HARD LABOUR. By C. W. Radcliffe Cooke, M.P. (Cassell.)
 MY VILLAGE. By R. M. Fergusson, M.A. (Digby, Long.)
 THE VENETIAN SECRET. By C. Lutyens. (Digby, Long.)
 THE DOG IN BRITISH POETRY. Edited by R. Maynard Leonard. (D. Nutt.)
 LONDON SKETCHES AND OTHER POEMS. By D. M. B. (Maidstone: Young & Cooper.)
 ABRAHAM LINCOLN. The true story of a great life. By W. H. Herndon and Jesse W. Weik. With an Introduction by Horace White. Two vols. (Sampson Low.)
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THE WEEK.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS: The statement made by Mr Gladstone on Thursday afternoon finally settled the question of the Autumn Session. It will begin on

the 2nd of November, and will be continued until within a few days of Christmas. As to the measures to which it will be devoted, it is obvious that the first object of Ministers will be to see that the time is not lost. To get some minor measures actually through Parliament will be better than to have a partial and consequently a fruitless debate on a Bill of first-class importance. The Cabinet has not yet apparently made up its mind to the adoption of such a change in Parliamentary procedure as that which would be involved in carrying over a partly-debated Bill from one Session to another. There are some good reasons for shrinking from this step; but we believe that, sooner or later, the Government will have to adopt it. In the meantime the remainder of the present Session will be devoted to the Estimates. No attempt will be made to closure Committee of Supply—at any rate, for the present. But the whole time of the House will be devoted to it, and the knot of factious obstructionists who talk of prolonging the sittings indefinitely will find that in order to do so they will have to make a sacrifice of their own personal comfort and convenience rather more serious than any they have hitherto contemplated.

THE Lords are gathering for the fray. Quite a number of these noble and irresponsible beings have made their appearance in London within the last day or two, and there is an exultation on their faces which bespeaks their pride in the feat they are about to perform. Whether they are proud of their achievement of last Thursday may be doubted. By persisting in their opposition to "betterment" they have killed a Bill of great value to the inhabitants and ratepayers of London, and have given fresh proof of the fact that the capital has nothing but a deadly hostility to expect from the Tory party. Nor is this all. The House of Lords, by its vote of Thursday afternoon, distinctly proclaimed its determination to act merely as a house of landlords, and to sacrifice not only abstract justice, but the fair rights of the public at large, to the claims of its own privileged caste. Every Liberal must rejoice to see fresh ammunition being thus supplied to him, for use in that day which is so quickly drawing near, when the nation shall settle accounts

with the ridiculous and contemptible anachronism that has so long obstructed progress, and delayed even the most necessary and beneficial reforms.

ALTHOUGH at the time at which we write we cannot discuss it as an accomplished fact, there is no reasonable doubt as to the carrying of the Third Reading of the Home Rule Bill in the Commons. The event is a momentous one in the political history of the nation. It is one which we venture to say was never anticipated by the Opposition, even down to so recent a period as last Whitsuntide. Whatever may be said by the carping and girding critics of the Tory Unionist Press, the third reading of the Home Rule Bill represents a brilliant and a permanent triumph both for the Ministry and the cause of Home Rule. It has been won by the exercise, not only of marvellous patience on the part of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, but of that resolute courage which is the very spirit of life to an Administration. Despite the cry against the gag, our opponents in their heart admire and respect the Government for its refusal to allow the will of the majority to be defied and set at naught by the minority, nor will the wise among them fail to recognise the fact that the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons marks an immense advance in the cause of Home Rule. The gibes and taunts with which we have been so familiar for years past are no longer applicable. A great and statesmanlike measure of Home Rule has not only been produced by the Government, but has been accepted by the House of Commons with something like practical unanimity, so far as British Liberals and Irish Nationalists are concerned. There is little need to dwell upon the immense significance of this fact, but everybody familiar with the history of Parliament knows that ground thus gained is never afterwards lost. Henceforth the Home Rule cause will stand upon a surer and more advanced platform than it has ever occupied before.

THE chief praise for this great achievement is Mr. Gladstone's. Our readers can hardly accuse us of wearying them with praise of Mr. Gladstone in these pages. It has seemed to us that so great a man was only lowered by the voice of adulation, and all through the debates upon the Home Rule Bill we have left his work to speak for itself. But now that he has reached the triumphant close of a task the magnitude and difficulties of which are beyond exaggeration, all reason for reticence regarding his share in the transaction is at an end. Men of all